

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY.

VOL. VII.] New-York....Saturday, September, 241808. [NO. 22.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

ON THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF

EARLY MARRIAGES.

(In continuation.)

AS soon as she had so far emerged from the troubles that had overwhelmed her, as to reflect upon circumstances foreign to her own immediate misery, she felt a strange curiosity, mixed with uneasiness, for the loss of a favourite companion, who had now been for some months missing. This girl, whose name was Ellen, was the daughter of a naval officer, and had been left, at the age of eleven years, destitute of parents and of fortune. In this deserted situation, she was found by Mr. M.'s female relation, who had educated Maria, and was received as a sort of a companion to that young lady. They became exceedingly attached to one another, and Ellen, who was naturally of a tender and susceptible disposition, imbibed, by imperceptible degrees, her friend's passion for novels, romances, and sentimental tales. Her heart was in this state of training, when Captain T. commenced his visits at the

house. The same accomplishments and virtues which recommended him to Maria, recommended him to her less fortunate friend; and a sentiment was gradually gaining ground in the bosom of Ellen, which was productive of consequences the most fatal to her peace. When she found that the Captain regarded her only as a quiet amiable girl, who could give him neither pleasure nor anxiety, and directed his attentions to Maria alone, her principle of honour forbade her to attempt the conquest of a heart, which was already devoted to her dearest friend. It is true that his coldness and indifference occasioned her a deep and durable sorrow; but she struggled with her feelings till principle and reason so far got the better of passion, as to allow her a perfect command of her countenance and action, even before the lovers. The absence of hope enabled her to overcome so powerful a feeling, more easily than she otherwise could have done; for love, without hope, though among novelists it be a favourite topic of condolence, and a perpetual spring to awaken sympathy, is, in real life, but seldom of long duration. The brightest flame must perish, when de-

prived of the nourishing air. But, in the bosom of Ellen, though the fires were almost subdued, the embers still were warm, and a breath could have kindled them in a moment to their original ardour. With collected resignation she had witnessed the arrangements which were made for the union of her beloved Charles with Maria, the friend of her youth, and patroness of her indigence. She had confined the secret of her love, with sacred caution, to her own bosom ; and a tear never strayed along her cheek, to betray the emotions of her soul. Yet her passion was not so completely subdued, as to leave no vestiges of silent sorrow ; her eyes were paler, and her form became less round ; while her dark eyes gave, to her delicate complexion, an expression of settled melancholy, the most beautiful and interesting. What must then have been her feelings, when she learnt that Don Pedro had gained the approbation of Mr. M. and that Maria was about to renounce for ever the possibility of uniting herself with Charles ! In a state of the cruellest anxiety did she pass the time of Maria's imprisonment, but the instant the latter had resolved on the acceptance of Don Pedro, she felt herself no longer restrained from following the dictates of her heart. Her fancy had long been fired by accounts of female heroism ; Maria's inconstancy surprised, while it rejoiced her ; and she longed to give Charles some proof of her affection, which should

render it impossible for him to withstand the pleadings of her humble, though honourable attachment.

She accordingly procured for herself the habiliments of a common sailor, and privately escaped from the house of Mr. M. to that part of the island where it was understood that Captain T. must in a short time land. She concealed herself for several days in a small inn, frequented by nautical people ; and the Captain, as she expected, came on shore near the house, about dusk in the evening. The landlord of this house had been formerly a servant of Mr. M.'s, but as Maria and Ellen had not been educated at home, the person of our fair adventurer was not known to her host, and the disguise of naval attire preserved her from detection, though enquiries were made, and advertisements published in every quarter by Mr. M.

When Ellen saw the Captain enter the house, her heart beat so violently, as almost to deprive her of breath ; but she knew that her opportunity was now arrived, and, mustering all her courage, she requested the landlady to inform him that a young sailor was in the house, who wished to have a few moment's conversation with him. The captain desired the sailor to be admitted. Ellen entered, but trembled so that she could scarcely stand. The Captain perceived her agitation, and enquired the

cause. She sunk upon a chair, and burst into tears.

"Unfortunate youth!" exclaimed Charles, "what would you have with me? Can I be of service in relieving your distresses?"

"Sir, answered Ellen, I am resolved on a sea-faring life. My parents are dead, I am thrown upon the wide world without friends or fortune, nay, almost without hope. And as she spoke the last words, she blushed deeply.

"Without hope," said Charles, smiling, "perhaps you are in love."

Ellen hid her face with her hands.

"Come, my brave lad, be not ashamed of that, I know myself the pleasures of this delightful passion."

"Perhaps," said Ellen, softly, "you never knew the pains of it."

"Nor ever shall, I hope," said Charles, gaily; "for in two or three days I shall be married, and then farewell to doubt and fear. You shall be of my crew; I like your appearance, and if I find you an honest and well-disposed lad, I will keep you about my person. When I marry, I will bring you all on shore, and give you a dance on Mr. M.'s green. My Maria shall welcome you all, and then—"

'Miss Maria M.' interrupted Ellen, "your Maria—ah!"

"What do you mean?" cried Charles.

Ellen gasped for breath; she wished to relate the facts which were happiness to her; but her joy was mixed with sorrow, when she reflected on the pain that her intelligence would give to Charles. She hesitated, and again, but in vain, attempted to speak.

"For heaven's sake, keep me no longer in suspense," he exclaimed, "I cannot endure this agony of doubt."

"Do you not know then," said Ellen, "that this morning was appointed for her wedding, and that by this time, she is the wife of Don Pedro de G——; I am just arrived from that part of the island, and have witnessed the marriage preparations."

"It is false—it cannot, shall not be!" cried Charles, and rushing down the stairs, he seized upon the landlord. "Williams, (asked he) have you heard of a wedding to day upon the island?"

"Oh yes, sir," answered he, "I am this moment come from it. It would have done your heart good to see the fine set out of ladies, and beef, and tables, and fiddles, and ale, in the good old English style, with seats in the garden, and coloured lamps, and I do not know what all."—"Whose wedding, whose wedding," said the breathless Charles.

"Lord bless your soul, sir, why, Miss Maria M.'s to be sure (she is not Miss M. now), to Don Pedro de G. I was an old servant of squire M.'s, and came over with him from England; and so he gave me an invitation to the dinner and ball, you see."

"Enough, enough," said the Captain; and clasping his hands together, he called upon Ellen to follow him. She was down the stairs in an instant.

"Why, sure, sir, you will not go back to the ship now in the dark," observed Williams.

"I have business," returned the Captain; and followed by Ellen, he walked to the water side. He loosened a skiff that lay tied to the shore, and they both, without uttering a syllable, seated themselves within it.

[To be continued.]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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Cujus, fujus, circumlaribujus cackafogibus.

Zacharium Tweelzelisticum.

MR. EDITOR,

I FIND in your last paper, that the sweep-master has again exercised his intellectual scraper, and given birth to an essay which, for vulgar abuse, and brutal insolence, could not be exceeded by

any of his sooty associates. I shall not plunder him of ribaldry, wherein he doth so mightily excel, but with the sereneest equability of temper, and with that peculiar causticity of wit which has made Mr. Eruditio so well known throughout Europe, I shall endeavour to unreason his reasoning, and castigate his effrontery.

"In the first place," he says, (our homo proceeds logically) "none but a quack would be forever aiming at wit, and always be unsuccessful." Well said, Pomp, very well said, upon honour. By this notable criterion of quackery, he has quackified many orderly, well-meaning people, who, however respectable in their several callings, often aim at wit, but happen to be always unsuccessful. Again—"None but an ignorant animal would be unable to understand the most plain and unequivocal observations." Here is great ponderosity of verbosity. The observation our man alluds to, is the "famous witticism of Swift,"—"give the devil his due." A very handsome observation, it must be acknowledged; and from my total ignorance of this author, that is to say Swift, he says I have misquoted him, the said Swift, by ascribing to him his language, meaning the language of himself, Pompey Bonno! a comical circumstance, to be sure; I have misquoted one author by quoting another: oh! sapientia, sapientia.

In the second place, my "irony

is so defective," that I am obliged to have it printed in Italics, so as to inform the reader that I meant it for irony, and of course every thing not printed in Italics is not irony. *Gloriosissima ! terrifickissima !* This "observation" will be of great use to simple, unlearned, folk, inasmuch as it furnishes them with an infallible test of irony, as it informs them when to laugh, and when to withhold their risibility. Whenever they come across any thing printed in Italics, they may know that it is, without exception, irony; and whenever they read a book printed entirely in Italics, they may be assured that it is purely ironical; but they need never expect to see irony in Roman letters, for this is in the nature of things impossible. This is a discovery of some magnitude, and must have required great ingenuity, but of its truth, it is not lawful to doubt, as it has proceeded from that powerful mind which has been able to comprehend the extensive, learned, and profound writings of Dean Swift. Bono certainly deserves for these vast doings to have a "leaf or two stuck about his wig," and indeed, I think he deserves to have his wig stuck pretty full of leaves.

"In the third and last place," says our old crony, "it is the distinguishing mark of a quack to promise more than he is able to perform," for it is intuitively evident that all other persons whatsoever, never promise more than

they are able to perform. But I hardly expected that Pomp intended to exemplify his sober rule by my essay on modesty. What a hypercritical rogue he is! He says that in the *plenitude of my wisdom*, I have informed him, *childlike*, that it is not impudence. Oh! Paddy, Paddy. Informed him that modesty is not impudence! as if that was giving him no information on the subject. Besides, is that all I have told him; have I not dwelt with perspicuity and some length on the subject? I trust upon future perusal, he will find it worthy the admiration of his most Doctorly capacity. But he charges me with having purloined it. This is an endeavour to fix upon me *mala fama* of a most atrocious nature: I beg leave to inform the American public in particular, and the world at large, that it is exclusively my own production. Bono knows its excellence, and tries to depreciate my character, by denying that I wrote it! a diabolical affair. I intended to have furnished for this week's miscellany, another specimen of my ability and wit, (which I am persuaded, notwithstanding all that can be said to the contrary, are of a most excellent and very formidable description) by drawing the character of Pompey: I meant to have told of his excessive elation when he saw himself in print, and the airs he assumed thereupon; how in common converse by latin quotations, he astounded some men, and frightened others; how he dressed himself

off with a long queue, and a suit of black, that he might have an author-like appearance; and how he erected a stage in his apartment, and declaimed from it with such vociferation, as often to collect a mob about his door, with a variety of other authentic and truly comical particulars, calculated to make people laugh till they have laughed quite enough.

The sweep-master charges me with being fond of "shining with borrowed plumage." This reminds me of his own novelty. His motto at the beginning, with its translation by Dryden, and his other quotations, are not as common as "Over the mountains, and over the deep."

The line immediately following Dryden's translation of his motto, is good,

"Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast."

I recommend the knight of the scraper to continue at his old calling, in the exercise of which there are advantages well calculated to rub up his genius; as when, for instance, he has ascended the top of a chimney and uncaps his visual orbs, he must needs be filled with magnificent conceptions at the sight of the under-world, with its ten thousand grand objects, but on these occasions, I recommend him to bind a handkerchief tightly about his head, lest the magnitude of his ideas should burst his knowledge-box. TIMOTHY ERUDITIO.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE GRAVE YARD.

THE dusky veil with which approaching evening envelopes the face of nature, while it suspends the operations of industry, and intermits the pursuit of knowledge, infuses into the mind a soft melancholy which is peculiarly favourable to serious reflexion. This interval of repose from labour is rendered necessary, by the constitution of our frame, an interval when the mind, fatigued and disgusted with the petty concerns of life, is more disposed to soar to its native clime, and after expatiating in unknown worlds, returns with renewed vigour to its present allotted sphere of action.

It is at this season that retirement possesses most attractions, and solitude offers the most refined intellectual improvement.

Leaving the busy haunts of population, the distant hum of bustling crowds, is more faintly wafted to my ear. The sun, about to quench in the western wave his declining beams, still irradiates the streaked clouds: here they are tinged with the varied hues of the rainbow; there furnished with a sullied splendor. The wide-extended gate of a neighbouring cemetery invites my wandering footsteps; and the frequent epitaph in an humble motto, or studied verse, offers improvement to the

favourite of reflexion. At every step I press a sod, once watered by the tears of affection ; at every step the mouldering, sunken grave, or the new-raised pile proclaim and enforce the truth of man's mortality. Here tottering age, jaded and harrassed by the ills of life, enjoys on the bosom of its mother earth, a welcome, sweet, repose : here vigorous manhood relaxed its well-strung nerves, and infant beauty exchanged the arms of maternal affection for a cold pillow of earth. Yonder splendid urn, which supports the gloomy cypress, perpetuates a nation's sorrow for the magnanimous patriot.—On an humble stone, surrounded by night shade, which escapes not, nor courts the observation of its simple grief, an aged mother weeps her only son. Here are forcibly proclaimed, truths the most noble in themselves, and the most important in their consequences. Noble, because a knowledge of them tends to elevate the mind and its affections to pure and exalted objects ; and important, because it is only by the practice of what they inculcate, that we can enjoy true felicity in our present or future state of existence.

The mingling ashes of those who, from an inequality of temporal condition, were almost regarded as a distinct class of beings, expose the vanity and folly of extreme concern for the distinctions of rank, and loudly declare that "Pride was not made for man."

The peace in which they repose who in high life were divided by a distinction of sects, renders absurd those animosities occasioned by party-spirit, and petulance of disposition, which disturb the tranquillity and diminish the general happiness of society. "Each in his narrow bed forever laid," forgetful of the broils and envyings of his brother worm, tranquilly slumbers beneath the sod which wraps their mingled dust.

Here we may also learn the folly of an ardent pursuit of the pleasures of the world, since we know that however great our exertions may be, and with whatever success attended ; though verdant laurels may decorate the brow, and delusive fancy gild the prospect of futurity, we must, when summoned, go down into the tomb, and resign those objects on which we have centered our affections. Behold with how great ardour, ambition spreads the canvas of commerce on a sea of blood ; and for the rod of empire, wields an ensanguined poignard ! behold the unremitting assiduity with which men seek to acquire the good things of this world, sacrificing to the attainment of their object, their peace of mind, and future welfare !

"Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ;
What though we wade in wealth, or
soar in fame ;
Earth's highest station ends in "HERE
HE LIES"
And, "dust to dust," concludes her noblest song."

FITZ HERBERT.

New-York, Sep. 1808.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THAT education makes the chief intellectual difference between men in polished society, is a position undeniably evident. After the introduction of the arts, which so much facilitate the operations of industry, and abridge the toil of manual labour, the exertion of a few was sufficient to provide the rest with all the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life. Many being left leisure for the cultivation of intellect, the Philosopher penetrated the mysteries of material nature, and explored the faculties of mind; the Mathematician employed himself in ascertaining the relations and proportions in quantity and number; the historian recorded the agitations which had convulsed or overthrown the empires of past generations, and accumulated the wisdom which had been collected by their experience, ingenuity, and industry; and the poet, in the melody of verse, conveyed lessons of morality, or by agreeable fictions, delighted the fancy.

For the disparity of mental improvement or ability, which distinguish the different classes of civilized society, it is impossible to assign any other general cause than that of education: were those who are employed in the labours of agriculture, or in the arts of mechanism, to have enjoyed the same opportunities of tuition, and the

same advantages of competency, or of opulence, as those who are conspicuous for literature, there is no doubt they would have attained equal extent of knowledge, and elevation of intellect. But though this difference is to be chiefly, I am far from believing that it is to be wholly, accounted for from education, for nature herself sometimes makes a difference, by lavishing on her favourites, peculiar gifts.

Among savages, there is a perfect equality of circumstances, and none can boast of privileges which another wants; they have indeed, scarce any other perceptions, than such as relate to corporeal objects, the range of their minds seems to be nearly circumscribed by visible creation, and they know but little of ideas abstract or universal. The pointing an arrow, the excavation of a canoe, or the erection of a hut, require no great ingenuity; and these are with them, objects of prominent importance, yet even among these hapless sons of nature, we find some distinguished for superior sagacity. Some discover their ingenuity in the invention of expedients for ensnaring beasts of chase, or of artifices for the surprise of an enemy in war.

From every school may be extracted irresistible proofs of the existence of genius. Some youths are endowed with superior brightness of ideas, and facility of comprehension, they can rise to alti-

tudes, which others cannot reach, and penetrate labyrinths which few can explore. Their advances in literature are therefore uncommonly rapid, they can in a short time amass knowledge which others can only acquire by years of tedious toil, and elaborate study. The pedagogue who, exacting from all his pupils the same performances, shall inflict corporal punishment on those who do not accomplish them, not from defect of industry, but from inferiority of genius, deserves to be reprobated as unjust, and detested as criminal. Of this early proficiency of improvement, those who are conversant in biography, will not want examples: among other juvenile exercises of the great Milton, are his elegies, which were written in his eighteenth year, and indicate so punctilious an acquaintance with the Roman authors, as at that age is very seldom acquired; the celebrated Cowley produced in his tenth year, the "tragical history of Pyramus, and Thisbe," and in his twelfth, "Constantia, and Philetus." These are facts indisputably certain, although they may appear incredible to the generality of minds, who measure what is possible, by what they are themselves able to perform. Pope, at sixteen, wrote his admirable pastorals, and at twenty, his "essay on criticism," which has been famed for discovering an acquaintance with human nature so profound, and with learning, ancient and modern, so general and minute, as is very sel-

dom acquired at any period of life, or by any assistances of instruction. That prodigy of genius, Chatterton, at the age of sixteen, wrote those poems which were ascribed to Rowley. Of the advantages of education, the latter was particularly destitute, and the former enjoyed only such as have been possessed by thousands of others, and laboured under some peculiar embarrassment, from which numbers who have had equal or superior advantages, have been free, who, however, never attained comparable extent of erudition, and who have never executed works which would have entitled them to the remembrance of posterity.

Some of the most illustrious authors who have ever astonished the world by their talents, or enriched it with their wisdom, have been depressed with infelicities, or discouraged by obstructions which would have overwhelmed minds of ordinary power. Chatterton, from the poverty of his father, could not enjoy a liberal education; his attainments in knowledge were chiefly effected by personal application, and were made amidst the pressure of indigence: and the celebrated Johnson, while at College, and through a great part of his life, laboured under extreme poverty. The lamentable story of the unfortunate Savage is well known; throughout the whole of his life, if the time he resided with Lord Tyrconnel be excepted, he was deplorably indigent: his sub-

sistence he derived almost entirely from the casual contributions of charity, or the occasional reliefs of friendship. From Mrs. Oldfield, indeed, he received during her life an annual pension of fifty pounds; and after her death, upon occasion of a poem on the death of the queen, under the signature of "Volunteer Laureat," he was pensioned by her majesty with the same sum. He sold his tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, for a hundred pounds. his poem of the wanderer he disposed of for ten guineas, and the Bastard for a trifle probably still more insignificant. While this unhappy genius was composing his tragedy, he was often without the common comforts or necessities of life, he was sometimes without meat, and sometimes had no lodging to repose his wearied frame, exhausted with distress, and famished with hunger.

Many of these writers have been obliged to issue their works into the world in a state of immaturity, either because they related to the passing times, and therefore it was necessary immediately to gratify the public, or because their own wants were so pressing, as to stand in need of instant relief. To accomplish in a short time a work in which there shall be comparatively few faults, is a decisive evidence of extraordinary powers, for the literary productions of most minds are unavoidably at first very imperfect; they are defective in system,

or inconclusive in reasoning; they abound in erroneous positions, indigested thoughts, and unharmonious language: these effects may be partly escaped by frequency of preparatory reflexion, but all books as they immediately proceed from the hand of the author, are filled with erudites of sentiment, and infelicities of diction, redundancies are to be pared, inaccuracies amended, and falsities rectified, they must be wrought into symmetry, and polished into elegance, for in the compositions of intellect as well as in the operations of art, practice must teach skill, and experience must teach wisdom. Those who have been able to surmount in a great measure the disadvantages of hasty composition, certainly deserve the praise of great superiority; their success can only arise from singular vigour and penetrating acuteness of mind, powers which enable them to accomplish in a short time that which others can effect only by painful research, and persevering meditation. Many of the Rambler's, by Dr. Johnson, were sent to the press after they were written, without his having even read them over: this will appear astonishing to those who are acquainted with their condensation, profundity, and wonderful acuteness of thought, and with their insurpassable richness and precision of expression. Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia, by the same immortal genius, was written on the evenings of one week! Many similar instances I

could easily enumerate, and many will occur to the recollection of every reader of Biography, but my essay, I fear, has already become too long, although it leaves its subject half finished. I shall continue my observations in another number of the miscellany.

SYLVANUS SOMBRE.

New-York, Sept. 20, 1808.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

.....
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
.....

THE OFFSPRING OF MERCY.

An oriental Tale.

WHEN the almighty was about to create man, he summoned before him the angels of his attributes, the watchers of his dominions.—They stood in council round his hidden throne. "Create him not," said the angel of justice, "he will not be equitable to his brethren, he will oppress the weaker."—"Create him not," said the angel of peace, "he will manure the earth with human blood, the first born of his race will be the slayer of his brother."—"Create him not," said the angel of Truth, "he will defile thy sanctuary with falsehood, although thou shouldst stamp on his countenance thine image, the seat of confidence." So spake the attributes of Jehovah :

when Mercy, the youngest and dearest child of the eternal, arose, and clasping his knees, "Create him, father," said she, "in thy likeness, the darling of thy loving kindness. When all thy messengers forsake him, I will seek and support, and turn his faults to good. Because he is weak, I will incline his bowels to compassion, and his soul to atonement. When he departs from Peace, from Truth, from justice, the consequences of his wanderings shall deter him from repeating them, and shall gently lead him to amendment." The father of all gave ear, and created man a weak, faltering being ; but in all his faults the pupil of mercy, the son of ever active and ameliorating love !—Remember thine origin, Oh man ! when thou art hard and unkind towards thy brother, Mercy alone willed thee to be, Love and Pity suckled thee at their bosoms.

—
An officer in battle, happening to bow, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and took off the head of a soldier, who stood behind him : "You see (said he) that a man never loses by politeness."

—
When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV. his majesty was astonished to find one Sunday, instead of a numerous congregation, only him and the priest. "What is the reason of this ?" said the king "I caused it to be given out, sire that your majesty did not attend chapel to-day, that you might know

who came to worship God, and
who to flatter the king.

*Solution of the enigmatical list of
Lawyers, (Bachelors) which ap-
peared in this miscellany of the
third instant.*

1. Mr. Baldwin.—2. Mr. Wyman.
3. P. C. Van Wyck.—4. Mr. Hege-
man.—5. Mr. Stanley.—6. Mr.
Waldron.—7. J. C. Morris.—8.
Mr. Graham.—9. Mr. Lockwood.
10. Mr. Herring.—11. Mr. Van
Hook.—12. Mr. Dill.—13. Mr.
Johnson.—14. Mr. Mulligan.—
15. Mr. Anthon.—16.—Mr. Banck-
er.—17. Mr. Riker.—18. Mr. Har-
rison.—19. Mr. Strong.—20. Mr.
Lennington.

J. C.

*Answer to the Rebus by Julia Fran-
cesca.*

An Inn, often found in a country quite
dreary,
Reposes the traveller, benighted and
weary :
On Oder's green banks, luxuriantly
pleasant,
In wild mazy dance, glides Germania's
rough peasant ;
On the plains of Arabia, with wind
fleeting course,
Behold how majestic and beauteous the
Horse :
And see how, in her tears bath'd, Bri-
tania doth mourn,
Her dear Nelson departed, no more to
return.

A well belov'd monarch, and mad bi-
gotry's prey,
Was king Charles, the martyr, as his-
tory doth say ;

And Love is that passion, by poet's de-
noted,

A passion to which all mankind are de-
voted :

That fruit, which spontaneous abounds
in the west,

Is the Orange, to beauty's sweet lip of-
ten press'd :

The Urn is a monument, which grati-
tude rears,

When some friend has departed from
this vale of tears ;

As witness, the grief by many thousands
express'd,

When the soul of our Washington fled
to its rest.

But ah ! how delicious and glad'ning
the thought,

That from Guinea's gold coast no more
victim's are bro't ;

That no more shall the fame of Colum-
bia be stain'd,

By a crime, that our country should
blush to have nam'd.

Now, in Heaven that place where true
blessings abound,

May we all meet in bliss, when the last
trump shall sound.

When fairly conjoin'd, the initials of
these

Give the name of a man whose ambi-
tion's to please ;

And whose efforts succeed, all his pa-
trons allow :

Need I tell you that name, reader ?—well
'tis John Clough.

NOVICE.

Captain ———'s excuse for not fighting
a duel.

"What ! you're afraid then ?"—"Yes,
I am—you're right ;

I am afraid to sin, but not to fight ;

My country claims my service ; but no
law

Bid's me in Folly's cause, my sword to
draw.

I fear not man, nor devil; but, though
odd,

I'm not ashamed to own *I fear my God.*

Epigram, addressed to Fashion.

Alas! cries Damon—plaintive bard;
My Delia's heart I find so hard,

I would she were *forgotten*?—

But strait he answers—I recant,

For how can hearts be *adamant*,

When all the breast is—*cotton*!

PRINCE EUGENE.

A remarkable occurrence happened to prince Eugene, during the siege of Lisle. His highness received a letter from some unknown hand, and upon opening it, found it contained a greasy paper, which he immediately and fortunately let fall on the ground; his aid-de-camp took it up, and smelled at it, and was directly seized with a giddiness, insomuch, that they were obliged to give him an antidote: this paper was then tied about a dog's neck, for an experiment, and he died within twenty-four hours after, notwithstanding a counter-poison was given him. The officers about the prince, expressed their concern at the accident; he replied, without the least emotion, "you need not wonder at it, gentlemen; I have received several letters of this sort before now."

The celebrated traveller, Barrow, attributes the lack of genius in American authors, to the great quantities of *musketoes*, which infest this country—no man having

opportunity to think, with such a creature buzzing about his ears! If the numbers of this animal are to be a criterion for the appearance of works of merit, her plants in the fields of science, the *present season*, must be entirely of exotic growth.

To the *sophisticated* sonnets—the *non-descript ephemera*, from the heated brains of self-important poetasters, so often ushered into notice through the monthly and diurnal publications—I beg leave to oppose Mrs. Robinson's *legitimate* sonnet from

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

Dangerous to hear, is that melodious
tongue,

And fatal to the sense those murderous
eyes,

Where in a sapphire sheath love's arrow
lies,

Himself conceal'd the chrysal hearts among!

Oft o'er that form enamour'd have I
hung,

On that smooth cheek to mark the
deep'ning dyes,

While from that lip the fragrant breath
would rise,

That lip like Cupid's bow with rubies
strung!

Still let me gaze upon that polish'd
brow,

O'er which the golden hair luxuriant
plays;

So on the modest lily's leaves of snow,
The proud sun revels in resplendent rays!

Warm as his beams this sensate heart
shall glow,

'Till life's last hour with Phaon's self
decays!

ANTICIPATION.

MEN complain of not finding a place of repose. They are in the wrong—they have it for seeking. What they should, indeed, complain of, is, that the heart is an enemy to what they seek. To themselves alone, should they impute their discontent. They seek, within the short span of life, to satisfy a thousand desires; each of which alone is unsatiable. One month passes, and another comes on—the year ends, and then begins; but man is still unchanging in folly—still blindly continuing in prejudice.—To the wise man, every climate and every soil is pleasing; to such a man, the melody of birds is more ravishing than the harmony of a full concert—and the tincture of the cloud, preferable to the touch of the finest pencil.

THE RESURRECTION.

An Extract.

Shall *Man* be left abandon'd in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the *flower*
revive?

Shall Nature's voice, to *Man alone* un-
just,

Bid him, though doom'd to perish,
hope to live?

Is it for this fair *Virtue* oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?

No! Heav'n's immortal *Spring* shall
yet revive,

And *Man's* majestic beauty bloom
again.

MAXIMS.

Travelling to boobies is of infinite use, since it changes them

from lethargic blockheads, into prating coxcombs; it improves them, as bottling does small beer, which then becomes brisk without growing stronger. On the other hand it gives ease and a polish to men of sense and learning, which nothing else can supply: a judicious mixture of those refined manners in which our neighbours excel, adds a grace and a brilliancy to every solid accomplishment, and completes what may be justly called the fine gentleman; as our weavers use wool of a finer growth than our native fleeces, to carry the manufacture to its utmost perfection.

Vice and Folly may feel the edge of wit, but virtue is invulnerable; as aqua fortis can only penetrate and dissolve base metals, its corrosive quality being incapable of affecting gold.

Men are attracted towards each other by general sympathy, but kept from contact by private interests.

Severity of reproof, like a file, may be disagreeable in its operations; but hard and rusty metals will be the brighter for it.

At Strafford upon Avon, the birth place of the immortal Shakespeare, Master Betty took his final leave of the stage, in the character of Young Norval—He has since entered as a student at Christ's Church College, Cambridge.

Anecdote of Lord Peterborough.

This lively nobleman was once taken by the mob for the Duke of Marlborough, (who was then in disgrace with them,) and was about to be roughly treated by these friends to summary justice. He told them "Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket; and in the second, they are heartily at your service."—So throwing his purse amongst them, he got out of their hands, with loud huzzas and acclamations.

Our city Inspector reports the death of 39 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Deaths in Philadelphia, during the last week—viz. adults 19, children 13—Total 32.

MARRIED,

On Saturday last, by the rev. Noah Crane, Mr. Richard Caldwell, of Salisbury Mills, to Miss Maria Chandler, daughter of Mr. John Chandler, of Bloominggrove, Orange county.

By the rev. Mr. Wilkins, at the seat of Robert Gilchrist, West chester, Captain Hamilton Boyd, of Albany, to Miss Eliza Kirby, daughter of Mr. William Kirby, formerly of this city.

On Thursday evening the 8th inst. by the rev. Noah Hallock, Mr. Nathaniel

Smith, jun. to Miss Sally Floyd, daughter of Major John Floyd, all of Smithtown, L. I.

At Princeton, N. J. on the 9th inst. by the rev. Mr. Comfort, Mr. William B. Barney, of Baltimore, to Miss Mary Chase, daughter of the Hon. Judge Chase, of the same place.

Lately at Nantucket, in the Friends' meeting-house, Mr. Willett Seaman, of New-York, to Miss Avis Jenkins, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Jenkins.

At Newburgh, on the 14th inst. by the rev. Mr. Mackland, Mr. William M'Laughlin, to Miss Phoebe Hunt, of Little Britian.

On the 6th inst. at Wading River, L. I. Capt. John Owen, to Miss Patience Brown, both of that place.

At the same place, on the 13th inst. Solomon T. Reeve, Esq. to Miss Abbey Terry.

DIED,

On Thursday afternoon, of a billious fever, Mr. Charles Kingsland, printer, aged 18.

THIS Miscellany is published in half-yearly volumes, at one dollar each vol.

TERMS.

To city residents who subscribe for one year, one dollar in advance—and the remainder at the close of the term.

Persons who reside out of the city, to pay in advance for the volume, or volumes, for which they subscribe.

Letters, *post paid*, enclosing the amt. will be strictly attended to.

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TO NOVELTY.

For thee, in infancy we sigh,
And hourly cast an anxious eye
Beyond the prison house of home;
Till, from domestic tyrants free,
O'er the wide world in search of thee,
Fair NOVELTY! we roam.

Pull on thy track, by dawn of day,
The stripling starts, and scours away,
While hope her active wing supplies,
And softly whispers in the gale,
At every turning in the vale,
"Enjoyment onward flies."

Not far remote—Athwart the trees,
The landscape opens by degrees,
And yields sweet glimpses of delight,
Beyond the trees the views expand,
And all the scenes of fairy land
Come swelling on the sight.

'Tis here, where wild profusion flows,
On every shrub there hangs a rose,
And mellow fruit on every spray—
Here pleasure holds her bounteous reign
And here the wanderer might remain,
Could pleasure bribe his stay.

But still the love of Thee prevails—
He quits the port and spreads his sails,
Careless if Ocean frown or smile;
So fate shall give him to explore
The vast expanse, th' untrodden shore,
And undiscovered isle.

Tir'd with the stillness of the deep,
While yet he chides the winds that sleep
The clouds collect the lightnings play;
And the torn vessel drives at last,
A wreck, abandon'd to the blast,
And found'ring on her way.

Again the vext horizon clears—
The hills emerge—the coast appears—
He and his mates their mirth renew,
They man their boats their oars they
hand,
And soon the hospitable strand
Receive the jolly crew.

What in the interior parts befel,
In after times we hear them tell,
When they at last their limbs recline;
The tongue well pleas'd its office plies;
And, all the while, their brimful-eyes
With dews of transport shine.

While thus, with pleasing warmth they
boast,
Their gay excursions on the coast,
Where all seem'd brilliant, all divine
The fond adventurers little know
It was thy pencil gave the glow,
The vivid charm was thine.

Ah me! beyond thy short liv'd reign,
And does there nought of love remain?
Can nought the sluggish heart engage?
Shall every joy with thee decay,
And heaven afford no parting ray
To gild the hours of age?

Heaven still is kind—when thou art fled
Comes gentle habit in thy stead,
With silent pace nor comes in vain—
For, growing with declining years,
The good man's comforts she endears,
And softens every pain.

Where she, sweet sober maid, abides,
Contentment at the board presides;
No vagrant wish her votary sings—
In his own grounds he loves to tread;
Nor envies, on his household bed,
The couch of eastern kings.